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BY DAVIS & CREWS.

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WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE MORMONS?
The Telegraph informs us, that the Cabinet is now in session, deliberating upon the best method of disposing of the Mormon difficulty.

Brigham Young, the High Priest of the gigantic superstition which has reared its ugly head in far distant Utah, calls the faithful together from the Mecca-temple of Mormonism in Salt Lake City, and bids defiance to the power of the "Gentiles." Impudent, criminal, mandaring, God-daring, this modern Mahomet invokes the sword to avenge the slightest infringement of his governmental authority, and challenges the President to commence the work of deposition. He claims to be sole Governor of Utah, as well as sole Prophet of Heaven, and stands upon the law and the testimony as set down in the book of Mormon, said to have been dug up by Joseph Smith, Jr., in the neighborhood of Palmyra, New York, and which disposes of the Christian revelation in a manner at once ridiculous and summary.

The question, What shall be done with the Mormons, or, rather, what shall be done with Utah? is becoming one of the vexed questions of the day. Mormonism, instead of waning, is every month waxing fatter, and like Jeshurun, has begun to kick in a manner which starts the tears to the eyes of the "Gentiles." Scotland, England, Northern Germany, Sweden, Norway, and the North, have all contributed to swell the numbers of the followers of Brigham Young and Orson Pratt. Proselyting has gone on famously, so famously, indeed, that the disciples of Mormonism are to be found preaching the doctrines of the "new revelation" in the gay and enlightened capital of France. Thousands make their way every year over the vast plains and towering mountains of the West, to Salt Lake City, to listen to the oracles of the Temple and witness their bogus miracles, as thousands in years past flocked daily to a certain carpenter's shop in Tottenham-court road, London, to see the cradle which stood ready to receive the new-born Messiah, so soon as Johanna Southcote should have brought him forth.

Mr. Fillmore commenced bungling, and the Pierce-Marcy Administration bungled terribly in this Mormon business. Political tyros could have done better. Vacillation and impolicy were evinced at the outset, and continued to the expiration of their terms of office. The Mormon chiefs saw this, and with the shrewd vision of wily and sagacious men, for sagacious and wily they are beyond question, regarded this display of Federal weakness as a happy omen. They communicated their confidence to the laity, fortified their houses, and felt themselves secure in their capital. The appointment of Col. Steptoe to the Governorship of Utah, and the humiliating backdown of that gentleman, was properly appreciated in that quarter. "Francis, of Austria, is a goose," said Napoleon. "What is that?" asked Maria Louisa. "A venerable sage, your Majesty," said the adroit Talleyrand. The world is beginning to think old Marcy a goose, particularly in this Mormon imbroglio, and the world is not a goose for thinking so. A Governor, backed by a sufficient number of troops in the lead of such a man as Gen. Harney, would have soon settled the right of the Federal Government to place its officers over the Territory. But Marcy fiddled while Rome was burning—vacillated as to whether Crampton should be sent, adrift or not, and spent the rest of the time in interfering in the politics of New York, and shutting off material aid for Walker. Meanwhile Mormonism grew stronger, and Brigham Young sat enthroned, like the Grand Lama of Tibet, in his politico-religious Temple. He said to President Pierce, stand out of the way of the Faithful, and the President meekly obeyed.

Will Mr. Buchanan dissipate the delusion under which the Mormon leaders are laboring, that they are able to resist the power of the General Government? Will he vindicate his right to replace Brigham Young with a Governor of his own selection? Col. McCullough, though admirably fitted for the post, refused to accept the appointment, doubting whether he would not be sustained by the Administration as he should be in that remote Territory and among people hostile to Federal authority. The chiefs of the "Saints" may have been slandered and misrepresented in many respects, yet it is barely possible that this should be the case. We are inclined to the opinion that there is considerable discontent among the dupes of Brigham Young, and that a man of nerve, tact and discretion, backed by an ample armed force, might effect a segregation of these malcontents from the rest. In this way, the remedy would, perhaps, be bloodless and effectual. Such a Governor, sustained by several thousand troops, would open their eyes, to say the least of it, and their eyes once opened, their duty as citizens of a common country might lead to an easy solution of the present difficult problem. Unquestionably the spilling of blood should be the last resort. It is high time that the affairs of Utah should be adjusted and disposed of in some way or other. The President has, so far, evinced a tardiness in the matter, which will induce us soon to place him in the category of the bunglers who have preceded him.

Some of the newspapers take a queer

view of this Mormon affair. They pounce upon the peculiar institutions of Utah, and are dreadfully irate because they do not comport with those of the Atlantic States. Softly, gentlemen. Polygamy and the book of Mormon have nothing at all to do with the political aspect of the matter. The question is simply this: shall Brigham Young and his followers assert and maintain a higher law than the Constitution, or shall they be compelled to respect the edicts of that instrument, and the laws properly emanating from it? Shall the "Latter Day Saints," while Utah is in a territorial capacity, select their own rulers and defy the General Government to depose them, or shall the President, in pursuance of plainly vested powers, nominate a man fit for the position, and accordingly place him, together with the judiciary and subordinate officers, in the administrative offices of Utah?

The Constitution recognizes no particular religion, but extends its protection alike to all. It guarantees to every person, whether in a sovereign State or a Territory to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, and to hold whatsoever faith he pleases. Even the Atheist is protected in his diabolism, although his religion is to recognize no Supreme Intelligence, and the Deist who discards the Bible. Religion was purposely separated from politics by the wise framers of the Constitution, though the Convention was composed of men of various religious denominations. We know that polygamy is held in abhorrence by the Christian world, and justly so, too, but it is a feature of the Mormon faith, and if they think it does not violate the decrees of Providence, and choose to take the responsibility, their right to do so cannot be called into question by the political world. A different view of the subject is all moonshine.

Why, look at it. It is assumed that Mormonism is antagonistic to Republicanism, because it may, if permitted to exist, establish a theocratical government. The Abolitionists affirm that our peculiar institutions are antagonistic to Republicanism, and therefore, slavery, they say, should be demolished, utterly annihilated. Now, we contend that it is not, that our institutions do not in the least concern them, and further, that we have a right to extend it over the Territories, if the majority of the people therein shall see fit to sanction the extension. The Territories are the common property of all the States, and as such, the people, in the formation of State Governments, shall determine what institutions they will have. The Federal Government has nothing to say about it. The great cardinal principle of State Rights is, that the people in their sovereign capacity can ordain institutions to suit themselves, acknowledging no power in Congress to interfere in so doing. The case of the Mormons is exactly in point, and the reader can at once see that we must accord to them the same principles in the formation of their State Government which we demand for ourselves, and that no institution established in Utah, which does not conflict with the supreme law of the land, though it be abhorrent to our sense of religious propriety, furnishes a reason for the non-admission of the Territory.

We cannot act upon the mere presumption that a theocracy in Utah meditates the destruction of Republicanism. The theory of the Mormons must be practically developed before we can set to work to crush them. Vague uncertainties and theoretical assumptions will not do. The religious condition of the "Saints" is deplorable, certainly, if all accounts be true, but with that we have no business. The problem to be solved is a political one, and one, too, which promises to puzzle the heads of the astute political mathematicians. The thing is to supplant the political government of Brigham Young, and bring Utah under the control of the Federal Government. In the fits which may ultimately come off, we shall see whether the Prophet unhorses Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Buchanan unhorses the Prophet. It is a contest between a man who has no wife, and one who has as many as the Grand Vizier!—N. O. Delta.

Flaxseed to Increase the Yield of Milk.
—Oil-cake has long been known, in those districts where linseed-oil is manufactured, as a cheap food for cows in milk. A Bavarian landlord has been experimenting with linseed, to increase the flow of milk in his heifers. His theory was that this diet would affect the lactal development of the young cow permanently. He selected a lot of animals and began to feed about three months before they were expected to calve, with a handful of boiled flaxseed, strewn over their fodder twice a day. The result was that the heifers thus treated had much larger udders than others of the same age and quality on ordinary fodder. The superior milking qualities continued after the second calving, and he is confident that this treatment permanently affects the character of the cow as a good milker. This hint is worth following up by those dairymen who have heifers coming in this season. If a little extra feed at this time will make the heifer a better milker through life the extra expense is certainly justified.

That was a wise nigger, who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said: "Dat are 'pend altogether how dey enjoy themselves."

THE FIDDLING-CANDIDATE.

"Insure me a brass band, and I'll insure your election," was the musical reply of a "wire-worker," to a question from an aspiring political candidate, as to the proper means to securing his election. And so widely, during the last election, was music called in to aid oratory, that his answer serves as a good endorsement to the poet's note that

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," and attractions to—"go to the polls and vote early."

The forty-horse power of music on elections being thus settled by common consent, leads us to believe that "too much credit cannot be awarded" (style of expression sanctioned by usage!) to the Kentuckian who faced his political opponent's music as follows:—

"Both were candidates for the office of Governor of Kentucky, and 'stumped' the State together quite harmoniously, until they reached one of the counties in the 'hill country.' Here it was necessary to make a decided demonstration, and accordingly the two candidates fairly spread themselves to catch all the votes possible—scurrying up the American eagle, and calling down the shade of Washington; pitching out profuse promises, and pitching into each other's party politics, in a manner decidedly refreshing to their hearers. On the first day's canvass, victory hung suspended by the tail feathers over the rival forces, but the second day fell slap into the lap of the shortest and stoutest candidate, who, we may premise here, was left-handed, leaving his long and lean opponent 'no kind of a show.' In vain the long man pumped up the waters of eloquence and poured out a full stream; there was no body to drink. But round the short man elbowed and crowded a mass of thirsty voters, drinking in his tones with delight. Why this attraction? Had he a barrel of old Bourbon? No; he had a fiddle! Getting the start of long man, he had addressed the voters in a short speech, and then, for the first time, bringing out a fiddle, he retired a short distance from the speaker's stand, in order to let his opponent reply, playing, however, such lively airs, that he soon drew the entire assemblage away, and left the other side of the question unattended to, unheard."

For three days in succession short man and fiddle carried the day, in three successive mass meetings, in as many towns in the hill country, and long man's chances for a single vote in those parts grew remarkably slim. In vain a long consultation was held by the latter with his political friends.

"Get the start of him at the next meeting and speak first," advised one.

"Raise a fiddle and play them choones!" said another.

"Yell him down," shouted a third.

The long man followed the advice of his first counsellor, and got the start in voice, but the noise of the fiddle run him 'neck and neck; he would have listened to his second monitor and raised a fiddle; only he knew it would fall through, as he couldn't scrape a note; and as for his third adviser, he told him that "yelling down" short man was "simply ridiculous."

Affairs grew desperate with long man, when, on the third meeting, he saw, as usual, the entire crowd of voters sweeping off after short man and his fiddle, leaving only one hearer, and he a lame one, who was just about to hobble off after the others.

"Can it be possible that freemen—citizens of this great and glorious country—neglecting the vital interests of their land, will run like wild men after cat-gut strings? Can it be possible, I say?" And the lame man, to whom long man was thus eloquently discoursing, answered, as he, too, cleared out—

"Well it can, old hoss!"

Despair encamped in the long man's face, as he watched the short man, at a distance, playing away for dear life and the gubernatorial chair, on that "blasted" old fiddle; but suddenly a ray of hope beamed over his "rueful visage," then another, and another ray, till it shone like the sun at mid day.

"Got him now, sure!" fairly shouted the long man, as he threw up his arms, jumped from the stand, and started for the tavern, where he at once called a meeting of his political friends, consisting of the landlord and one other, then and there unfolding a plan which was to drive his rival "nowhere in no time."

The fourth meeting was held. Short man addressed the crowd with warmth, eloquence and brevity, vacating the stand for his adversary, and striking up a lively air on the violin, in order to quash his proceedings; but, though as usual, he carried the audience away, he noticed that they were as critical as numerous. One six-footer, in home-spun, walnut-dyed clothes, with wild-looking eyes, and a coon-skin cap, eyed every movement of the fiddle-bow with intense disgust, finding utterance at last in—

"Why don't you fiddle with the other hand of your f?"

"Tother hand!" shouted the other

"Dat are 'pend altogether how dey enjoy themselves."

louder shouted the crowd, "Tother hand, tother hand!"

"Gentlemen, I assure you—" "No more honey, old hoss. We ain't 'bars!" shouted the man with the coon-skin cap.

"Tother hand, tother hand!" yelled the crowd; while even from the distant stand where the long man was holding forth "to next to nobody" for listeners, seemed to come a faint echo, "Tother hand, tother hand!"

Short man began to be elbowed, crowded, pushed; in vain he tried to draw the bow; at one time his bow-arm sent up to the shoulder over the bridge, at another, down went the fiddle, until he shouted out—

"Gentlemen, what can I do but assure you that—"

"Tother hand!" roared coon-skin, shouldering his way up to the short man, "we've heard about you! You fiddled down there in that darned Blue grass country, 'mong rich folks, with your right hand, and think when you git up in the hills 'mong poor folks, left hand fiddlin's good enuf for you; you've missed it, man! Left hand don't won't run up byar; tote out your right, stranger, or look out for squalls!"

The short man looked out for squalls, threw down the fiddle and the bow, oh! oh!—jumped on his horse and put a straight horse-tail between him and his enraged "fellow-citizens."

"It's a fact," says the long man, "my opponent's being left handed, rather told against him up in the hill country, and whoever circulated the story up there, that he always fiddled which his right hand down in the Blue grass country, headed off his music for that campaign."

A DESPERATE CONFLICT BETWEEN A LION AND AN ANTELOPE.

Dr. Livingston gives a very interesting description of a fight he witnessed in Africa between a lion and antelope. The Doctor and his guest had emerged from a narrow defile between two rocky hills, when they heard an angry growl which they knew to be that of the "monarch of the forest." At the distances of not more than forty yards in advance of them, a gemsbok stood at bay, while a huge tawny lion was couched on a rock platform, above the level of the plain, evidently meditating an attack on the antelope; not only a space of about twenty feet separated the two animals.—The lion appeared to be animated with the greatest fury; the gemsbok was apparently calm and resolute, presenting his well fortified head to the enemy.

The lion cautiously changed his position, descended to the plain and made a circuit, obviously for the purpose of attacking the gemsbok in the rear, but the latter was on the alert and still turned his head toward his antagonist. This maneuvering lasted for half an hour, when it appeared to the observers that the gemsbok used a stratagem to induce the lion to make his assault. The flank of the antelope was for a moment presented to his fierce assailant. As quick as lightning, the lion made a spring, but while he was yet in the air, the gemsbok turned his head, bending his neck so as to present one of his spear-like horns at the lion's breast. A terrible laceration was the consequence; the lion fell back on his haunches and showed a ghastly wound in the lower part of his neck. He uttered a howl of rage and anguish, and backed off to a distance of fifty yards, seeming half disposed to give up the contest, but hunger, fury, or revenge once more impelled him forward.

His second assault was more furious and headlong; he rushed at the gemsbok, and attempted to leap over the formidable horns in order to alight on his back. The gemsbok, standing on the defensive, elevated his head, appeared the lion in his side, and inflicted what the spectators believed to be a mortal wound, as the horns penetrated to the depth of six or eight inches. Again the lion retreated, growling and limping in a manner which showed that he had been severely hurt, but he soon collected all his energies for another attack. At the instant of collision, the gemsbok presented a horn so as to strike the lion immediately between his two fore legs, and so forcibly was the stroke that the whole length of the horn was buried in the lion's body. For nearly a minute the two beasts stood motionless; then the gemsbok, slowly backing withdrew his horn, and the lion tottered and fell on his side, his limbs quivering in the agonies of death. The victor made a triumphant flourish of his heels, and trotted off apparently without having received the least injury in the conflict.—Dr. Livingston's Travels in Africa.

Fact for Northern Circulation.—A New Orleans gentleman, writing from Hot Springs, Ark., to the Phoenix, says:—

"But how came I here, say you! Well not willingly, nor on my own account. But having a very faithful servant almost entirely paralyzed from the effects of rheumatism, the doctors say, and the same eminent authorities having pronounced his cure very doubtful, unless carried to the Hot Springs of Arkansas—that place, I sent him to, and he is now, and has been for some time, perfectly cured, and is now able to do his duty as usual."

"Why don't you fiddle with the other hand of your f?" "Tother hand!" shouted the other "Dat are 'pend altogether how dey enjoy themselves."

SERVANT GIRLS VS. HAIR OIL.

We clip the following rich yarn from the local columns of the Buffalo Republic. It partakes slightly of the Silver Lake sea serpent smell:

At the boarding house where Dave and his friend "put up," are a number of servant girls, and it is an idiosyncrasy of servant girls to take their share of toilet articles, such as hair oils, perfumes, &c., while they are rejuvenating the apartments of the boarders. Dave and his friend Robert were very careful of their respective toilets, and being in a courtly way, had been paying extra attention to personal adornment, for a long time. They are in the habit of getting a pint of hair oil made up at the druggist, at one time; and finally they were in the habit of finding that a pint of their costly hair oil wouldn't last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening finding that the hair oil cruise was empty, they took the bottle which had contained it, and straight away went to Matthews' drug store.

There was a whispered conversation with a laughing clerk, a mixing of various articles in a pint bottle, and the following was marked on the prescription book as the contents:—

Of Lac Asafedita (milk of asafedita, which for the information of our readers, we will state, is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug) of this, 1 ounce. Of Liquor Potasse—a fluid slightly celebrated for its corrosive power, having the property of taking the hair off a dog in ten seconds, half ounce. Balsam of Fir—the stickiest and gummiest article known, 1 ounce. Honey, 1 ounce. Alcohol, to make these ingredients fluid, half pint.

This was well "shuck" and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair oil.—The next morning, (Sunday,) Dave and Bob dressed themselves for church, and after finishing, traveled down stairs. But they came up another stairway in a few seconds, and secreted themselves in a room adjoining theirs, where, from a couple of panes of glass over the door, they could see everything that went on. After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant girls came into Dave's room.

"Whist! Molly," says a large red-headed one, "Misthur Dave has some more of the ile, and me hair's as dly as powder; let's have a reglar fix up wid de folks all away!" This was acceded to, and they all went to oiling their locks, being very lavish with the fluid, which was quite thin in consequence of the alcohol. In a few moments red-head says:

"Wirra, that smells so!" with her nose turned skyward.

"Sure, its the parfume," interrupted a short and dumpy specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Parfume, indeade," says red-head, "that's not parfume, that's the real bad smell."

"Mebbe," says dumpy, "it's the Patch-chew-lee. I've heard that Patch-chew-lee smells dreadd at first, a persun must git used to the smell before they likes it.—Shure it's a parfume used by the quality!"

This satisfied red-head, and after a thorough "iling" they left the room. In about two hours the boarders came home from church—"Good gracious, what is it?"—"Bless my soul, Mr. G., I shall faint; oh! my dear, there must be an unclean animal in the room!" and a thousand other expressions were heard as the boarders got a sniff at the "Patch-chew-lee" when they entered the house. The master and mistress of the house were puzzled, confounded, indignant, and in vain endeavored to discover the locality of the "smell." At dinner time there were not half a dozen boarders at the table, and those that were there were rapidly thinking of backing out, as the three girls who were "iling" were attending on them. Finally dinner was up, and with doors and windows opened, the inmates alternately froze and suffocated. The day was a dire one to them, but it wore away some way.

At night the three girls attempted to comb their hair. The alcohol had evaporated, leaving the balsam of fir and honey, and they might as well have attempted to comb a bundle of shingles. At the very first dash that red-head made, her comb caught, and through the influence of the potasse at the roots, the whole mass of front hair came off the side of the red-head's cranium, which she discovered with a yell that would have rendered a cannibal envious.—The same result attended the rest of her hair, with the exception of enough to do up as a scalp lock to ornament with feathers. The two other girls met the same fate, and at about ten o'clock that night they might have been seen wrapping up their "Patch-chew-lee" locks in pieces of paper. The next morning they were informed by the mistress that she did not desire to employ bald-headed servant girls, and with their "chit" they departed in almost a scurried condition. The discovery of Dave and Bob's connection with the transaction was not known till lately, but their toilet articles have been cleared from the house.

"But how came I here, say you! Well not willingly, nor on my own account. But having a very faithful servant almost entirely paralyzed from the effects of rheumatism, the doctors say, and the same eminent authorities having pronounced his cure very doubtful, unless carried to the Hot Springs of Arkansas—that place, I sent him to, and he is now, and has been for some time, perfectly cured, and is now able to do his duty as usual."

THE SEASON OF CRIME.

Our Northern exchanges are filled with the loathsome details of every species of turpitude and crime, which the imaginations of the hearts of men ever conceived. Readers of delicate and sensitive organizations, shrink shuddering and appalled, at the contemplation of such a feast of horrors; yet there are thousands of the *obscuro volentes* of human kind, who seize and devour with greedy avidity these putrid morsels of depravity. The trial of Mrs. Cunningham in New York, has re-opened the discussion of the tragedy; but the rehearsal of that horrible case is absorbed in the more recent and equally mysterious murder of the unknown girl, whose mangled corpse was discovered in a field near Newburg. A day or two ago, the Herald had and article severely reprehending the Boston journals for publishing minute accounts of the proceedings of the criminal courts, and thereby pandering to a corrupt and vitiated public taste.

But no sooner had the faintest tidings of a murder in New Jersey reached the city of New York, than Bennett dispatched a special reporter to the scene of that affair, in order to gather fresh food for the insatiable appetite of his readers. Besides these cases, the detailed reports of the murders in Western Pennsylvania would alone suffice to satisfy the cravings of ordinary gourmands of the horrible. The publicity of judicial proceedings have been heretofore regarded as one of the peculiar features and most indispensable guarantees of free government; but it is a question whether the damage, which results to public morals from the promulgation of the records of criminal trials, does not offset the evils, which might befall the administration of justice by having such trials conducted in secret. At least, it would be well, if possible, to prevent their indiscriminate circulation through the press.

Familiarity with scenes and descriptions of crime, so far from exerting a wholesome influence on the minds of men, by an unaccountable perversity, have just the contrary effect.

It was a very true remark of Bulwer, that at certain seasons, some particular crime seems to become fashionable, and spread through the country like an epidemic. A man commits suicide in an unusual manner; minute and exaggerated accounts of it are scattered abroad, and immediately the newspapers teem with like cases. Many miserable wretches terminate their existence in the same manner, solely for the sake of obtaining an infamous notoriety.

Just now, at the North, murder is all the rage, stimulated, in a great degree, by the publication of every transaction in the annals of crime by the newspapers, with all the embellishments that wit and ingenuity can supply to give them zest and piquancy.

Perhaps, after all, the papers are not to blame. The fault is deeply rooted in the framework of Northern society. The public demand such entertainment, and few journalists at the North have the intrepidity to oppose the current of popular feeling. The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin says:

"We are not Pharisaical enough to boast of Philadelphia's exemption from any of those criminal incidents of the immediate present; for we fear there is very little beyond accident which has thus far saved us from the disgrace. But it is a matter of congratulation that there have been but very few outrageous crimes committed here lately, and that our courts have not furnished any material for depraved appetites, such as the Dalton, the Kallach, the Bardell, and other scandalous cases. When crimes and immoralities seem to prevail through the land with almost epidemic force, it is a matter of rejoicing that we have escaped the contagion, and it is to be hoped that our community will long continue."

Yet none are more diligent than the Bulletin in collecting particulars of the "awful tragedies" for the gratification of its "depraved" readers.—The South.

HOOPS.

Many scandalous stories have been put in circulation to the prejudice of this article of female attire, but the following, from the Richmond Whig, exceeds all its predecessors:

A few Sundays ago, a modest young gentleman of our acquaintance attended the morning service, in one of our fashionable churches. He was kindly shown into a luxurious cushioned pew, and had hardly settled himself, and taken an observation of his neighbors, before a beautiful young lady entered, and with a graceful wave of the hand preventing our friend from rising to give her place, quietly sunk into a seat near the end. When a hymn was given out, she skillfully found the page, and with a smile, that set his heart a thumping, handed her neighbor the book. The minister raised his hands in prayer, and the fair girl knelt, and in this posture perplexed her friend to know which most to admire, her beauty or her devotion. Presently the prayer was concluded, and the congregation resumed their seats. Our friend respectfully bowed to her from the fair form he had been so long gazing upon, and when the look of devotion departed him, started up, and in a couple of seconds he was on his feet, and with a look of intense interest, and saw that she was

much affected, trembling in violent agitation no doubt from the eloquent power of the preacher. Deeply sympathizing, he watched her closely. Her emotion became more violent; reaching her hand behind her, she would convulsively grasp her clothing, and strain, as it were, to rend the brilliant fabric of her dress. The sight was exceedingly painful to behold, but he still gazed, like one entranced with wonder and astonishment. After a minute the lady raised her face, heretofore concealed in the cushion, and with her hand made an unmistakable beckon to our friend. He quickly moved along the pew towards her, and inclined his ear as she evidently wished to say something.

"I please help me, sir," she whispered, "my dress has caught, and I can't get up." A brief examination revealed the cause of the "difficulty," the fair girl wore fashionable high heeled shoes; kneeling upon both knees, these heels of course stuck out at right angles, and in this position the highest hoop of her new fangled skirt caught over them, and thus rendered it impossible for her to raise herself or straighten her limbs. The more she struggled the tighter was she bound; so she was constrained to call for help. This was immediately, if not scientifically rendered, and when the next prayer was made, she merely inclined herself upon the back of the front pew—thinking, no doubt, that she was not in praying costume.

HORRIBLE DISCLOSURES.

We learn that great excitement has prevailed in the neighboring village of Concord during the past week, caused by the discovery that several children, who died recently, had been disinterred and their bodies removed.

There are a hundred rumors in circulation about the affair. After comparing the conflicting stories together, we make out the following statement of the case:

A quack doctor, known by the name of Nugent, applied to a man to assist him in taking up a child that had been buried a few days before. The man made the request known, and intimated that two little girls, daughters of a very respectable gentleman residing in the vicinity, had been removed from their graves by this man Nugent for the purpose of extracting medicinal properties from their flesh and bones. To ascertain the truth of the rumor, the father had the graves re-opened, and found the coffins and bodies missing. Of course this created a deep sensation, and we are informed that it was determined to inflict summary punishment upon Nugent; but on visiting his house he was found very sick and in a dying condition. One report says that he took poison after learning that his operations were known to the public;—and another, that he died from a disease contracted from frequent handling of decomposed bodies.

Nugent died on Wednesday last. He made a statement before death, to the effect that he had exhumed about sixteen dead bodies in Concord and elsewhere, and after using them, (for making medicine,) he burned the flesh, coffins and everything, to prevent detection. His ash pile was examined and teeth and bones found therein.

His theory appears to have been that a medicine could be made by boiling the liver of a human being, that would cure liver complaint; and so with regard to other diseases. We learn that Nugent was from Forsythe county, and that he had been living in Concord about two years. He once lived in this town, we are informed, engaged in selling peppermint and cinnamon drops.—Before he died he gave the names of three or four of his accomplices, one of whom, a white man named Bogus, was arrested in this place last week and committed to jail.

What the fellow did with the medicine, he has been making, no one knows. "We heard some say he had agencies in Salisbury and Goldsboro, where one or more of his accomplices reside. Those persons who are in the habit of buying and swallowing every kind of nostrum offered to them for the cure of diseases internally and externally, will take a hint from the above.—Western Democrat.

A tippler, who aquinted awfully, used sometimes to mourn that his eyes did not agree. "I'm sorry lucky for you," replied his friend; "for if your eyes had been matches, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

A chap stopping at one of the hotels in New York being asked by the waiter whether he would have green or black tea, said he didn't care what color it was, if it had plenty of sweetnin' in it.

A druggist has four weights, all of which weigh forty pounds, and they are of such size that he can weigh any given number of pounds from one to forty. Answer required, what is the weight of each weight.

Lucy Stone, in a lecture in Bangor, recently said, "We hear of hen-pecked husbands, but nothing about rooster-pecked wives." If we don't, it is because female chickens don't crow.—to advantage.

Napoleon, seeing a short man among his grenadiers, said: "Those are very small for a grenadier." The soldier instantly replied, "If they took generals for their size you would not be one."